TRUE CASES OF DEMON ENCOUNTERS, EVIL ENTITY POSSESSIONS, AND DEMONIC ATTACKS

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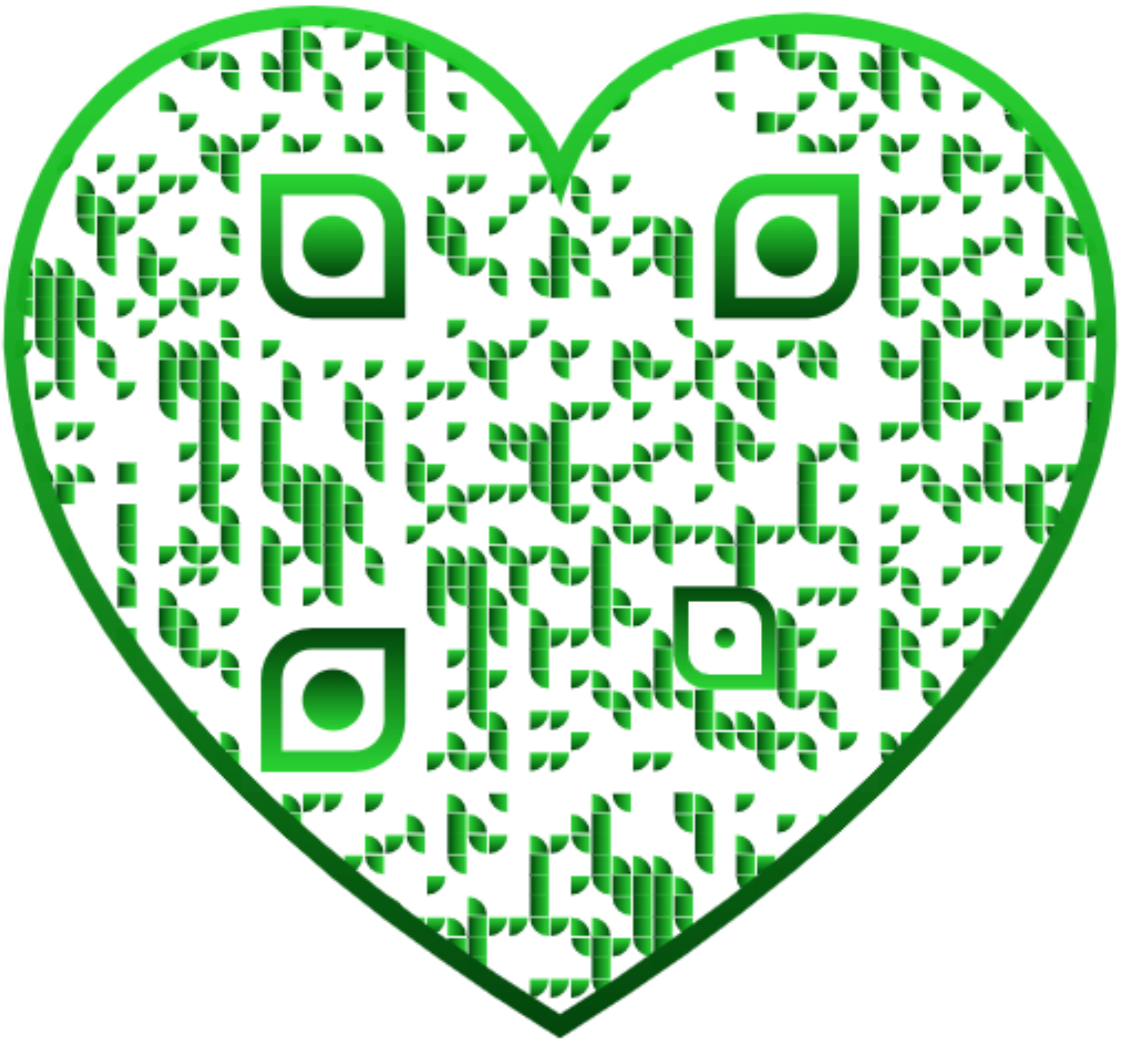
CONRAD BAUER



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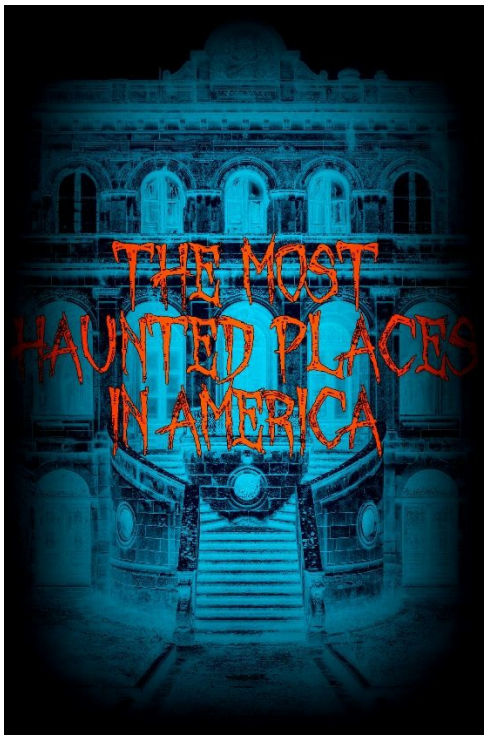

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Haunting the Shadows

Have you ever woken up in the middle of the night from a particularly bad dream and felt yourself relieved to be in the safety of your warm, cozy, comfortable bed? Then count yourself among the lucky—because for the people presented in the following accounts of demonic encounters, there was no such solace. For these poor demon-afflicted souls, every waking hour became a source of torment of the most unimaginable kind.

Fortunately, some of the accounts that you'll find within this book have relatively happy endings, with scenes of great deliverance. But others end in horrific tragedy—and no, we're not telling you which ones!

Nothing is more frightening than an unknown force suddenly seizing control and taking over. Many of us worry that we're ruining our own lives, even without some evil entity stepping in to destroy them for us. We value our reputation and self-worth more than anything, but all sense of self and human identity is brutally submerged in true cases of demonic possession.

This should serve as a warning for the uninitiated who may be tempted to contact forces beyond human control. Because as the following chilling tales of close encounters of the demonic kind will show, the things that lurk in the shadows are best left there.

Encountering the Zozo

There has been a lot of chatter in recent years about a certain demon that manifests to those with a propensity for using Ouija boards. This entity is said to present itself in a benign and friendly manner at first but later turn malevolent. It spells its name out on the Ouija board as Zozo, and it is said that it is dangerous to even speak this name out loud for fear of inadvertently summoning it forth from the nether regions and into our reality.

This detail echoes the legend of Rumpelstiltskin, or perhaps the Tim Burton classic *Beetlejuice*. But where did this demon come from? Some believe that Zozo is a modification of the name Pazuzu, the demon king of Mesopotamian lore. Modern interest in this allegedly ancient demon began to pick up in 2009 when a man named Darren Evans published an account of his personal encounters with Zozo through a Ouija Board.

Darren claimed that after he opened the door to this demon, it followed him for several years and took on many shapes and forms. Soon after the book's release, several others came forward to report nearly identical experiences with Zozo.

When Darren first contacted the entity, it presented itself as a friend who had his best interests at heart. Indeed, during one Ouija board session the creature even told him that it had come to take Darren and his girlfriend Jamie "to paradise". Intrigued by the notion, Darren asked the demon where this "paradise" was located—and was then alarmed to see the planchette (the moveable cursor of the Ouija board) move purposefully to spell out the word HELL.

At first glance, you might dismiss this as some sort of demonic sarcasm. Paradise is in hell? Yeah, right! But those who know their Bible well enough could easily come up with another interpretation. You see, according to Christian and Judaic belief, paradise is indeed located right in the middle of hell! According to the scriptures, before Christ came to the world of mortal

man, there was a place in the “lower parts of the Earth”, alternately called “Abraham’s bosom” or “paradise”, where the patriarchs of the Old Testament such as Moses, Abraham and the like—as well as their righteous followers—would go after death to gain their rest.

The New Testament tells us that this is the same place that Jesus descended to after taking all of the sins of the world upon his person and dying on the cross. Many Christians don’t know this part of the Gospel, but it clearly indicates that before Christ’s resurrection, he went down into the depths of hell and “set the captives free”. According to this biblical account, Christ stormed into hell after his death on the cross, preached to those gathered there, and then led them out.

Although located in the lower parts of the Earth, the place that these Old Testament prophets were in wasn’t all that bad. It was apparently a separate and protected corner of hell in which the saints could “sleep” until their deliverance was at hand. The Devil and his demons couldn’t mess with these righteous souls. Christianity contends that once Jesus Christ absorbed all the negativity of the universe into his own person, a bridge could be made for the dead saints to leave “paradise” and ascend into the heavenly realm.

Was this what the demon Zozo was talking about when it seemed to claim that paradise was in hell?

Well, no matter what the demon may have been referring to in that particular Ouija board session, the place that Zozo took Darren and his family over the course of the next few weeks most certainly was not any kind of a paradise.

This was back in the early 1980s, at a time when Darren was going through some difficulties in his life and was actively seeking out the paranormal in order to find some answers. In this state of mind, he was not disposed to dismiss any random event that happened to him as mere chance; he was much more likely to ascribe it to fate. So when he just “happened upon” an old Ouija board lodged underneath the crawlspace of his girlfriend’s house, he assumed that he had discovered the long-lost occult apparatus for a reason.

But the board itself is not all that Darren found. Half submerged in the dirt, at each corner of the board, were four glass jars. Darren couldn't tell what was in the jars at first, but after holding one up to the light he was shocked to find a fully preserved dead blackbird inside. He would later surmise that the four jars of dead blackbirds had been placed at the corners of the board as a kind of sealing ritual. Perhaps someone was trying to block something from coming through the board?

If so, Darren had just unwittingly broken that seal. Pulling the board out of the ground and wiping the dust off, Darren immediately took it inside and got to work with it. He was no novice with Ouija boards—he had in fact dabbled with them off and on for several years—so this was not new terrain to him. But what happened next most certainly was not expected. As soon as he put the planchette down on the board, it rapidly sent his hand over to "Z" and then over to "O" and then quickly back to "Z" and finally back to "O".

To his surprise, Darren soon discovered that this was not random noise on the Ouija board. An entity named Zozo apparently wished to speak with him. Curious, Darren obliged and opened a dialogue with the being. And at first, Zozo seemed like a kind and benevolent spirit—but it began to become abusive shortly after its cryptic claim that it wanted to take Darren and company to "paradise".

For starters, Darren's girlfriend Jamie nearly had her house broken into soon after the board informed them that someone was looking into their window. They didn't believe it at first, but when Jamie stepped into the kitchen, she did indeed find a tall, bald man in blue scrubs peeping through their blinds. Alerted by her screams, Darren rushed outside to catch the intruder—just in time to see him run down an alley and disappear out of sight.

They reported the incident to the police, who eventually caught the Peeping Tom and informed the couple that he had just escaped from a mental facility. Although the arresting officer thought it was rather humorous, what he told Darren next sent a chill up and down his spine. The policeman said that that when he'd asked the man why he left the mental hospital, he had replied that "the Devil made him do it".

For Darren, this was not a random event, but yet another link in a chain of odd occurrences. And even though they initially believed that the Ouija board had been warning them of danger, Darren and his friends soon discovered that the entity in the board just might have been the cause of the incident. Nevertheless, despite this dubious history with the strange Zozo character, Darren continued to communicate with it.

Late one night after a few beers, he got comfortable enough to play around with the entity by asking a series of innocuous questions. One of them was what to name a rock band that he and his buddies had just formed. The board told him, “Iron Tongue”. Being a heavy metal enthusiast, Darren thought the name invoked the appropriate imagery, reminding him of Iron Maiden and Ozzy Osborne’s “Iron Man”. By the end of the night Darren, believing he was back on Zozo’s good side, was actually grateful to the entity for coming up with such a cool name.

But the words came back to haunt him when his baby daughter became sick with MRSA and her tongue swelled up stiff as a board—hard as iron—to protrude painfully out of her mouth. Seeing her pitiful condition, he couldn’t help but think of Zozo’s mention of “Iron Tongue”. Had the demon been foretelling this devastating illness? Darren thought so—and he would come to believe that the board was foretelling (or perhaps even instigating) many of his future misfortunes as well.

His friend Randy, for example, had hung around Darren and the board early on, and during one session Randy got the idea to ask Zozo how he would die. Zozo immediately responded, “Kar [sic] wreck at night alone”. Randy soon grew increasingly depressed and began to abuse alcohol. As he spiraled out of control, he hopped into his car one night when he was all alone, loaded up on vodka and Vicodin, hit the gas, and shot down a lone stretch of road like a missile, slamming right into a tree. Randy died on impact.

Michael, another friend of Darren’s, also didn’t fare too well after his encounter with Zozo. Michael was told he would be murdered, and sure enough, several years later he was found dead, an apparent victim of

poisoning. His death still remains an unsolved mystery.

So, who is Zozo, this harbinger of doom? Since Darren wrote his book in 2009, several more supposed victims of Zozo have come forward with their own harrowing tales of encounters with this demon. But without any solid evidence—and there usually isn't any when you're dealing with the paranormal—these anecdotal tales are all we have to go on.

Nevertheless, if you and some friends late one night get the bright idea to mess around with a spirit board and suddenly see the planchette jump wildly between the Z's and O's, you just might want to find a new toy to play with.

Anneliese Michel

Anneliese Michel began life as a typical girl in her hometown of Liebling in 1950s Germany. Her father Joseph was a veteran of WWII's Eastern Front—the stage on which the colossal struggle between Adolf Hitler's Nazi Germany and Joseph Stalin's Soviet Union had played out. At the close of the war, Joseph had managed to escape to the Allied zone which evolved into West Germany—one among many, from common soldiers to outright war criminals, who fled in fear from the Russian occupation.

After the war Joseph married a woman named Anna, who in due course became the mother of little Anneliese. Mrs. Michel was extremely religious and served as an austere authority figure for Anneliese and her sisters. In particular, she was quite serious about maintaining her daughters' purity and chastity. Anneliese and her sisters were not allowed to be around boys under any circumstances. Even if one of their friends had brothers, the girls were instructed to stay away from them—thereby nixing many an opportunity for sleepovers and other activities that most other young women of the time enjoyed.

Mrs. Michel's protective impulse is understandable, of course, but it seems that she took things a bit too far. Because as a result of her strictness, Anneliese seemed to develop a complex over the years. Upon being interviewed by a therapist, she was diagnosed as neurotic. And all of her neurotic feelings and pent-up frustration with her mother seemed to come to a head in her turbulent teenage years.

While at school in 1968, when Anneliese was 16, she seemed to suffer from a complete breakdown right in front of her classmates. She later claimed that she had blacked out and couldn't remember what had transpired, but her classmates testified that she was in a complete trance—as if she were possessed by something or someone.

Later that very day, as she was trying to go to sleep, Anneliese suddenly felt

her whole body become paralyzed, as if there were a heavy weight upon her. She knew that something very strange was happening to her, but she didn't know where to turn, or who to talk to.

She tried her best to carry on, but a year later she had a repeat of the very same kind of symptoms. Growing concerned, her parents sent her to a clinician named Dr. Vogt, who in turn recommended her to a neurologist by the name of Siegfried Luthy. The neurologist ran a series of tests on Anneliese, suspecting that she was suffering from grand mal seizures, but after an electroencephalogram showed normal function, he let her go without any further investigation.

Anneliese's overall health, meanwhile, took a turn for the worse. The trouble began when she got tonsillitis and had to have her tonsils removed. As a complication of the surgery she somehow managed to contract pneumonia, which then morphed into tuberculosis. These health problems kept Anneliese out of school for several months. She was distressed and unhappy to be confined to her home, and she was also increasingly frustrated with her mother's incessant prayers for her.

Most of us probably wouldn't mind a few prayers when we're ill, but Mrs. Michel was apparently so zealous about it that it made Anneliese's fragile mental state even worse. Maybe you can only take so many Hail Marys before it starts to grate on your nerves… but the worst part was that the prayers weren't working. Anneliese's condition did not improve, and by 1970 she was sent away to a Bavarian tuberculosis clinic.

Here Anneliese was around other children her age, and apparently her refined and standoffish manner rubbed them the wrong way. The other patients frequently ridiculed her, and they even developed a specific nickname for her: "snot nose". This was a sort of double entendre, referring both to her snotty behavior and to the fact that her lungs were usually filled with snotty fluid as a result of the tuberculosis. Kids can be real charmers, can't they?

At any rate, Anneliese did not warm up very well to her surroundings. Her symptoms only grew worse, and she went into a sharp decline. After another

episode of sleep paralysis, the nurses, alerted to the sound of her screams, came to find that she had soaked her bed in urine. Her reputation in the ward sank to new lows, and her fellow patients began to state openly that she was crazy—or possessed.

Many would later interpret this moment as the tipping point in Anneliese's saga, but beyond that, opinion is divided into two camps. Those who believe that she really was possessed argue that the other children were picking up on this fact, and their acknowledgment thereof—as rude and snarky as it may have been—emboldened the entity to make its presence known even more palpable. Those who don't believe in demons say that the kids' assertions that Anneliese was possessed triggered the power of suggestion and made her believe it to be true. According to this theory, as soon as Anneliese believed, the power of her belief alone was enough to produce all the horrible symptoms she later experienced.

Regardless of what Anneliese or her peers thought, however, the doctors considered her to be suffering from a medical condition. They accordingly had her evaluated by another neurologist. But when this once again failed to produce a definitive diagnosis and effective treatment, Anneliese began to turn away from medicine and toward a deeper sense of spirituality.

After her release from the hospital she began to read books on various metaphysical subjects and make trips to local places of mystical importance. In the course of this personal spiritual odyssey Anneliese began to feel that she was undergoing hardship for a reason—that there must be some divine hand at work. She just wasn't quite sure why.

She held on to this view through the rest of her high school years and her first semester at her university in early 1973. Then, though, her symptoms began to worsen. She started having trouble simply sitting through her classes, and as her depression and anxiety steadily increased, things became so bad that she didn't even want to leave the house.

Then, in March, things went to a whole new level. Anneliese began to hear strange knocking sounds on the wall. Suspecting that she was suffering from

hallucinations, she went to see an audiologist, who couldn't discern anything remarkable about her condition. Nonetheless, the knocking continued.

By September of 1973 Anneliese was making threatening statements, such as declaring that the devil was inside of her and that a judgment of fire would be visited on everyone around her. In light of these startling statements, a neighbor named Thea Heinz concluded that demonic possession was likely. She consulted with her parish and got the attention of Father Arnold Renz, who in turn requested another local priest, Ernst Alt, to investigate the matter.

Father Renz is a controversial character. He claimed to have psychic abilities, among them an ability to discern spirits. Since he could sense demons, he said, he would quickly be able to ascertain whether young Anneliese was possessed.

Now, as many have since pointed out, Father Renz began to consult with Anneliese at the exact same time that the blockbuster horror movie *The Exorcist* came out. It remains unclear whether Father Renz or Anneliese herself saw the movie, but many in the community undoubtedly had, and Father Renz's descriptions of demonic manifestations—such as "swarms of flies" and "shadowy creatures"—would have been very familiar to moviegoers. This may go a long way toward explaining their willingness to ascribe Anneliese's symptoms to demonic possession.

By 1974, Anneliese herself was becoming increasingly convinced that she was possessed. She began to speak in different voices, as if different entities were taking over her body, and she soon identified them as "Cain, Nero, Hitler, Fleishmann, Judas, and Lucifer". Now, even though Lucifer was mentioned with some rather bad company, the other alleged possessors could hardly be called demons—and it is interesting to note that Anneliese had a deep interest in Roman history while she was in school. This may explain why one of the entities allegedly assaulting her would bear the name of the mad Roman Emperor Nero.

Having named her supposed tormentors, Anneliese was subjected to several exorcisms in an attempt to deliver her from them. As a part of the Roman

Catholic rituals, she was instructed to fast. Possibly as a result—or possibly due to altogether less natural causes—Anneliese's weight declined precipitously, and with it, her overall wellbeing. Sadly, Anneliese Michel had reached a breaking point. She died from health complications on July 1, 1976.

Was she possessed? Maybe no one will ever know for sure. But whether or not demons were involved, it was certainly an evil fate that had been bestowed upon this poor girl.

Michael Taylor the Demoniac

Michael Taylor was your typical British family man of the early 1970s. He lived in the small-town community of Osset, where everyone knew just about everything about everyone else. Taylor's family consisted of his wife Christine, their five kids, and a pet dog they had adopted. Their neighbors would later describe the family as mostly happy and Michael as being "mild mannered".

The one thing that stood out about them in Osset was their lack of religious affiliation. You see, most of the members of this tight-knit community belonged to some church or parish, but the Taylors just stuck to themselves on Sunday morning. Until, that is, Michael was introduced to a new religious sect that had sprung up in his area.

The Christian Fellowship Group was not sanctioned by any recognized church; instead, it was an underground religious movement headed by a 21-year-old woman named Marie Robinson. Upon meeting Marie and her congregation, the previously agnostic Michael did a full 180 and became a dedicated Christian wholly devoted to the Christian Fellowship Group. He was seemingly enamored by the preaching and doctrine—but some would soon say that he was enamored by Marie as well.

To Christine's chagrin, Marie and her group began coming to the Taylor home to preach and pray with Michael. They would spend long, intense hours in prayer, and these sessions would include the Evangelical practice of speaking in tongues. At one of these meetings, Christine finally lost her patience and confronted Michael with her suspicions that his interest in Marie was more carnal than spiritual.

Michael immediately flew into an insane rage, but instead of directing his anger at his wife, he suddenly turned on Marie and began to scream at her and physically attack her. He later said that he felt like he was in some kind of trance—and, as bizarre as it sounds, he envisioned that he and Marie were

both naked. But whether Michael was smitten with Marie or not, this was apparently not a good naked. As he gazed at her nude form, he felt evil emanating from her. It was during this exchange, apparently only witnessed by himself and Marie, that a spiritual battle began between him and the "evil" that enveloped the lay pastor. As Michael later testified, "I fought [the evil]—but it overcame me. I had sought knowledge of myself and my being on Earth and she tried to give it to me, but this is not the way."

Marie had a completely different take on the events. From her vantage point, Michael seemed like he was possessed by a demon. His face contorted into a bestial rage, prompting her to cry out in fear and pray to God for deliverance. As she later stated, "I started screaming at him out of fear. I started speaking in a tongue—Mike also screamed at me in a tongue. We just screamed at each other."

It took a few strong men from the Christian Fellowship Group to hold Michael down and get him under control. Those assembled then began talking of demons and exorcism, and an all-night ceremony was held in order to rid Michael of his demons. During this frightening ordeal, as Michael was prayed over and the demons were commanded to come out, he howled like a wild animal and attempted to bite anyone who came too close. The group later reported that they cast out no less than 40 demons from Michael. Among them were demonic spirits of "lewdness, bestiality, incest, and blasphemy". After the marathon exorcism session, the group was completely exhausted and retired for the night.

Some of its members, however, later claimed that they had knocked off a little too early. At least three demons remained inside of Michael, they said—the spirits of "insanity, violence, and murder". And after what transpired next, they would certainly come to regret not holding out long enough to get rid of those last few demons.

A congregant named Margaret Smith recounted that before the exorcism was called off, she received a warning from God that the demons remaining within Michael would cause him to kill his wife Christine. She then begged for the full exorcism to be performed at once, but she was overruled and the

rest of Michael's exorcism was postponed to the following day. Michael and Christine—who was present during the whole ordeal—were instructed to go home and get some sleep.

That was the last time anyone else would see Christine alive, because no more than a couple of hours later, she was brutally murdered by her own husband.

All murders, of course, are brutal, and the expression "brutally murdered" is somewhat overused. But in this case, it's a very apt description of what happened. Although it is not entirely clear what Michael did, or just how the rampage kicked off once he got his wife behind closed doors, at some point, he apparently attacked her in a full-on rage. Grabbing hold of her with his bare hands, he ripped out her tongue, gouged out her eyes and then proceeded to rip her face completely off of her skull in an animalistic fury. Annoyed by the barking of his dog, the demoniac then turned his attention to the family pet, leaping upon the frightened animal and literally ripping it limb from limb. The dog's legs were torn off, followed by the removal of its eyes and even its teeth.

Leaving the mangled remains of his wife and dog behind, Michael stepped outside and walked down the street, completely naked, covered in the blood and guts of his victims. He began screaming that it was "Satan's blood" that was splattered all over him, attracting the attention of a nearby policeman who brought his squad car over to see what the commotion was. The officer called an ambulance and had Michael taken away, then met up with other police who had arrived at the Taylor home to take stock of the grisly scene.

When interrogated, Michael claimed to have no memory of what he had done. He told detectives that he was "taken over by an evil force" that instructed him to "kill every living thing within the house". Michael professed to love his wife and said he was not responsible for her death. While the authorities debated the finer points of this bizarre case, Michael was taken to a maximum-security mental hospital for observation. Upon being deemed fit enough, he stood trial in March of 1975, but in the end he was found to be legally insane.

Instead of going to prison for the rest of his life, Michael was confined to a series of psychiatric care facilities before being released a few years later. It might seem shocking that such a brutal killer would be allowed to go free, but there was little opposition from the local community; it seems that most people were willing to forget about the whole thing. Doing that was easier back in the 1970s, of course; there were no Facebook posts, YouTube documentaries, or podcasts to remind everyone of Michael's demoniacal actions, and for the most part he managed to stay out of the public eye.

Nevertheless, he still had his problems. He attempted suicide on multiple occasions, in one instance jumping off a high bridge and severely injuring his legs and back. And he made the headlines once again in 2005 when he was accused of sexually harassing a young girl. He ended up pleading guilty and was sentenced to three years' probation. Ironically, today he is probably better-known for this relatively minor offense than for his horrible crimes of yesteryear.

So, what happened to Michael Taylor? Was he possessed? Is he still possessed? One can only wonder—is this the last we have heard from this demoniac?

The Demon that Came through the Mirror

Folklore has long suggested that demons and other paranormal entities are able to use the reflective glass of mirrors to travel between the spiritual realm and our physical reality. Whether it is old tales of elves coming through a mirror from Fairy Land or stories of goblins popping into being from the shiny surface of a looking glass, there are countless myths of such things from humanity's ancestral past.

It certainly seems like a great plot element for a bedtime story about the supernatural, but is there any truth in the idea? Alisson Baily of Xenia, Ohio, believes that there is. Alisson, you see, encountered this phenomenon first hand.

Alisson was a single mother who had just moved into a big old farmhouse on the outskirts of Xenia. She was hoping to get a new start with her 15-year-old son James and felt that the home and the surrounding community would provide just the right backdrop. She couldn't have been more mistaken.

Alisson herself was initially quite happy with her spacious, comfortable home, which she had gotten at significantly below market price. But as soon as James stepped inside, he intuitively knew that something wasn't right. He could just sense it—there seemed to be an ominous presence, lurking and waiting for them, and every little creak in the floorboards or settling in the attic would make James involuntarily cringe with fear.

Allison's motherly instincts kicked into gear, and she quickly reassured her son that it was just a combination of his imagination and moving day jitters getting the best of him. After unpacking, the two said goodnight and settled into their new bedrooms to go to sleep. But it was now Alisson's turn to be creeped out, because as soon as she began to drift off, she would be jarred awake by the sound of footsteps in the hall. And not only footsteps—she could also hear faint whispering.

Despite what she had told her son, being in a new environment already had her on high alert, but not out of fear of ghosts and demons. She was simply afraid of burglars or other living, breathing intruders. Fearing that someone had indeed broken into their new home, Alisson leapt up and carefully cracked open her bedroom door to peer into the dimly lit hallway. But she saw no one there.

She continued to stare into the darkness for a few moments before she received the fright of her life when the door to the hallway closet begin to move by itself. And not only did it open and close—she could clearly see the doorknob moving as if by an unseen hand. Feeling as if her heart were about to beat out of her chest, she fell back on a tactic that had always worked in her childhood when she feared the monster in the closet—she turned the light on.

To her relief, as the light illuminated the hallway there was no grisly ghoul there waiting for her. Just an empty hallway closet with a few unpacked boxes stacked beside it. Allison tried to rationalize the experience as simply her sleep-deprived mind playing tricks on her in the middle of the night—but deep down, she knew what she'd seen, and she knew that she'd never forget the sight of that doorknob turning by itself.

Not that whatever was wandering her halls at night would *allow* her to forget. The very next night, Allison woke up in the darkness of her bedroom to see a shadowy figure in the corner. This time burglars were the last thing on her mind, because she intuitively realized that what she was seeing was not human. The profile was of a humanoid figure with a head, two arms and two legs, but this was most definitely not a flesh and blood human being. It was a pure black shadow, which to her amazement somehow appeared blacker then the darkness of her room.

As soon as this demonic presence realized that Allison was looking at it, it shot out of the room and into the hallway at light (or shadow?) speed. As it passed by the mirror on her nightstand, the mirror exploded, its glass shattering into a million pieces. In a state of shock, Allison got up, turned on every light in the house, and walked to her son's room to check on him. To

her immense relief, he was fine.

Allison collapsed onto the living room couch and sat there in a state of complete shock until the morning came. As soon as it was daylight, she picked up her phone book and found the number of a local medium. She called immediately and explained her desperate situation, and the medium took what Allison told her very seriously.

Saying that she had some experience with this sort of thing, she promptly informed Allison that she believed a malevolent or demonic entity had entered her home through her mirror. Not only that, the entity had apparently closed the interdimensional portal behind it—as indicated by the mirror shattering. This meant that this demon was playing for keeps and wanted to stay. This, of course, was not soothing music to Allison's frightened ears, but she was slightly heartened when the medium agreed to come over as soon as possible to check it out.

Unfortunately, it wasn't soon enough, because that very night, as Allison was on the couch watching some late-night TV and attempting to settle her rattled nerves, she suddenly felt a mysterious weight on top of her. It was light at first, but it quickly grew heavier, until she felt as if there was some sort of invisible leaden blanket covering her entire body, pushing her down into the cushions of the couch. Right when she felt she was about to be suffocated by this force, it abruptly ceased, as if it had never been there to begin with. Allison now felt that she wouldn't be able to deal with the paranormal activity in her house for even one more night.

Thankfully, the medium came the very next day. After walking around the home, she claimed that she was able to make contact with the entity—and what she said next confirmed Allison's worst fears about its nature. The medium told her that the entity admitted that it was indeed a demon which had just crossed over from hell itself. The medium then performed a "blessing ceremony" in which she attempted to persuade the demon to leave the home. She also informed Alisson that it would be a good idea to remove any mirrors in the house.

Alisson dutifully did so, but fearing what might still be roaming her halls late at night, she decided to do better than that—she decided to move out! Within days she found an apartment to rent and left her old demon-haunted home behind. If the demon that supposedly crossed through her mirror remains, perhaps someday some new resident will decide to stand up to it. But as for Allison and her son James, they were just glad to get out while they still could.

The Real-Life Exorcism of Ronald Edwin Hunkeler

He would end up being an inspiration for the blockbuster movie *The Exorcist*, but Ronald Edwin Hunkeler's life was fairly normal during his formative years. He was born in 1935 to a Lutheran mother and a Catholic father who raised him without much fuss about spiritual matters of any kind. His Aunt Harriet, though—she gave young Ronald a *thorough* introduction to the spirit world by way of a Ouija board.

Yes, it's straight out of the plot of many a good horror movie (and even more not-so-good horror movies), but this is actually how it all started for Ronald. He was always fond of board games, and his aunt explained to him that the Ouija board was simply another board game (hey, it is made by Parker Brothers, after all!) with which he could pass the time. He and his aunt played with the Ouija board on several occasions before she passed away in 1949.

Ronald was very distraught at Aunt Harriet's passing. She had been more like a friend than a relative, and he missed her greatly. Soon enough he was back at the Ouija board, but this time it no longer seemed like a game. He was sincerely attempting to contact his deceased aunt.

Ronald also began to experience paranormal activity in the form of scratching sounds in the walls of his bedroom. Even more frighteningly, he heard the footsteps of "squeaking shoes". And Ronald wasn't the only one to witness these phenomena. Soon, the whole household was noticing abnormal activity in and around the home. But most of it seemed to be centered on Ronald. If Ronald was nearby, poltergeist-type activity wasn't far behind.

Soon, the activity began to manifest itself at his school. His desk would begin to shake uncontrollably during class, for example. At first his instructors believed that Ronald was just trying to get attention, but when they could find no obvious signs of deception, even they began to believe that Ronald really was being visited by supernatural forces.

Deeply concerned, Ronald's parents took him to several doctors and physiatrists, but none of these medical professionals could find anything wrong with their son. Having reached a dead end with these clinicians, the family turned to a 43-year-old Lutheran pastor named Miles Schulze. Rev. Schulze arrived on the scene as a skeptic, initially believing the activity to be nothing more than clever pranks performed by Ronald. But Ronald's family members were convinced otherwise by this time, and to prove their point they related an incident from the previous night in which the boy had woken up screaming.

His parents and grandmother had all converged on Ronald's room just in time to witness his heavy dresser scooting across the floor by itself. The moving furniture finally came to a stop right in front of the doorway, as if its objective was too close off the only escape route. They simply didn't see any means by which their son could have played such a prank on them.

But when it came to the idea of demonic possession, Rev. Schulze still had his doubts. He was willing to accept that the activity was centered on Ronald, and that it was not just an elaborate prank, but he felt that it was most likely due to some sort of psychic phenomenon. This straitlaced Lutheran minister, you see, fancied himself a parapsychologist and had a deep interest in the possibility of such activity. So Rev. Schulze was perhaps predisposed to believe that the events in the home were somehow being caused by Ronald, whether consciously or unconsciously.

He also believed that if it was a poltergeist type of activity, it would most likely cease if Ronald was taken out of the home. It has long been established that poltergeist activity works through wellsprings of psychic energy built up over time in a person's residence and other familiar places. Accordingly, the minister took Ronald to his own house for the night.

The two slept in separate beds in the same room, and Rev. Schulze thought they would have a rather uneventful night. But he was wrong. Around midnight, he woke up to see Ronald's bed shaking. Rev. Schulze quickly roused Ronald and took him out of the room to get some hot cocoa.

When they went back to the bedroom, the minster told Ronald to sleep on the armchair instead of the bed. Ronald settled in and soon went back to sleep, but just a few minutes later the chair began to move of its own volition. In fact, it moved all the way to the wall and then proceeded to tip over, causing Ronald to fall to the floor. Ronald got up and stepped away as if he were sleepwalking while Rev. Schulze inspected the chair. He couldn't find any sign of tampering.

As one final test, the minister had the boy stay away from the furniture altogether and sleep between two blankets on the floor. That worked fine for a couple of hours, but around three in the morning Rev. Schulze received a frightening early wake-up call when he rose to find Ronald and the blankets floating across the floor and under the twin beds.

Unsure of what else to say at this point, the sleep-deprived minister shouted at Ronald, "Stop that!"

Ronald immediately protested, "I'm not doing it!"

And then Ronald was seemingly sucked under the bed, where he "bounced up and down against the mattress springs". Rev. Schulze, afraid the child would be injured, leapt to action and managed to grab Ronald and pull him back out from underneath the bed. Damage had already been done, however, in the form of several cuts on Ronald's face.

Rev. Schulze may have been a skeptic, but after the night he spent with Ronald, he was convinced that he was dealing with something beyond human —or at least Lutheran—experience. After returning Ronald to his parents, he remarked quietly, almost offhandedly, "You have to see a Catholic priest— the Catholics know about things like this".

Ronald's father immediately called up the nearest Catholic church—St. James—and asked to speak to a priest. The priest who came to the other end of the line was a certain Father E. Albert Hughes. Not sure what to make of the man's story, Father Hughes cut the conversation short and asked him to

meet him at the church in person. The whole family went to St. James the very next day, and it did not take Father Hughes long to realize that Ronald was indeed possessed.

He was shocked to hear the boy insulting and berating him. But even more telling than this hateful behavior was the poltergeist type activity he witnessed. As Ronald sat before him, Father Hughes watched in disbelief as his desk-phone began to move of its own accord. When the receiver rose off the hook like a snake about to strike, a frightened Father Hughes knew that it was his duty to find a solution. Severely shaken, he needed to consider his next move, so he bade the family farewell and gave them a parting gift of blessed candles and holy water—both standard tools in the exorcist's arsenal.

Soon thereafter, Father Hughes paid a house call to speak with Ronald—but whatever resided inside Ronald was apparently ready to speak as well. When the priest addressed Ronald, he heard a strange voice reply—not in English but in Latin. The voice asked him, "*O sacredos Christi, tu scis me esse diabolum. Cur me derogas?*" This roughly translates as "O priest of Christ, you know that I am the Devil. Why do you keep bothering me?"

The shocked priest now knew beyond a doubt that an exorcism would be required. Until it could be arranged, he suggested that Ronald be confined to a hospital to be monitored and contained. The boy was accordingly taken to Georgetown Hospital, which was run by Jesuit priests and had a very Catholic atmosphere, complete with "nuns in the corner and crucifixes on the wall". Here Ronald was strapped into his bed so he couldn't harm himself or anyone else.

During Father Hughes' first session he read the Liturgy of the Saints, asking all saints great and small to help him in his task. He then asked God Himself for deliverance from evil before launching into the prayers of exorcism. No one in the room had noticed it, but while Father Hughes was praying, Ronald had managed to free a hand from his restraints and slide it under the mattress. With amazing strength, he pulled a metal spring from the bed frame, and clutching it like a dagger, waited until the priest was within arm's reach. Lunging at him with the sharp metal object, he managed to slice through his

left arm.

Father Hughes' prayers were immediately interrupted by his own screams of pain and terror as his arm fell to his side, gushing blood. He was quite fortunate that this injury occurred in a hospital, because he needed immediate treatment in the form of no less than 100 stitches. Less fortunately, the exorcism was successfully disrupted and Father Hughes was forced to put everything on hold until he recovered.

In the meantime, Ronald was discharged from the hospital and went home. His downward spiral only deepened there, and by now the whole neighborhood knew that something wasn't right at the Hunkeler house. Witnesses saw strange lights emanating from windows and heard blood curdling screams after midnight.

Ronald's parents began to consider a temporary move to his mother's hometown of St. Louis until things calmed down a little. Whatever was inhabiting Ronald seemed to take note, because soon after this quiet discussion they were awakened by Ronald's screams. His mother, Phyllis, found him in the bathroom with his pajama top open and the word "Louis" etched into his chest. Now, Ronald could certainly have scratched the word onto his own chest and then screamed to get attention. But the thing was, he didn't know that his parents had been talking about going to St. Louis! So it seemed clear that some other entity was involved—something with senses beyond the normal human capacity.

Seeing the word on Ronald's chest, the frantic Phyllis began to repeat nonsensically, "Yes—St Louis… We'll go to St. Louis." Ronald promptly doubled over in pain as he let out a pitiful cry. He then tugged off his pajamas as if something had bitten him, and there on his hip was a fresh set of scratches. Outlined by Ronald's own bright red blood could be seen the word "Saturday". Phyllis felt that they were being told to go to St. Louis by Saturday. Frightened half out of her mind, she muttered, "How long?" Her son cried out in pain again, this time clutching a fresh wound on his chest. When Phyllis took his hand away she could see the words "3½ weeks". It was obvious to her that something was using her son's body to communicate,

but she dared not ask it any further questions lest she bring Ronald further pain.

Strangely enough, as much as the Hunkelers feared and hated the entity that had taken over their home and their son, they dutifully followed its command and boarded a train for St. Louis the very next Saturday.

After they had been staying with her relatives there for a few days, Phyllis began to worry about how long Ronald had been out of school. She accordingly decided to enroll him in a local school in St. Louis for the duration of their stay. Now, if you still suspect that this whole thing was a hoax on Ronald's part, what happened next might seem to confirm that suspicion. Because as soon as Phyllis told him that he was going back to school, Ronald groaned and lifted his shirt up to reveal scratches that read "No School"!

Of course, it hardly seems likely that a powerful demon would be scared of going to a new school—but an anxious young boy very well might be. It's almost enough to make you wonder if the scratched responses came from the troubled mind of Ronald Hunkeler rather than any Satanic force. The only thing that would prove that theory more convincingly would be if Phyllis had served up a plate of broccoli and then turned to see Ronald with "No Broccoli" scrawled across his chest!

Nevertheless, the manner in which the scratches seemingly appeared in instant response to these spur-of-the moment queries was still highly unusual. Ronald apparently wasn't physically scratching himself with his fingernails or anything, so if he was somehow behind it, Rev. Schulze's theory that the so-called demon was actually a type of poltergeist working through Ronald's subconscious mind seems to be the most viable one.

At any rate, both Ronald's parents and their hosts in St. Louis had had enough. They once again requested a priest, and this time they got two: William S. Bowdern and Raymond S. Bishop. The priestly pair came to the home of Ronald's relatives to perform an exorcism on him right then and there. They found him in his bedroom lying flat on his back on top of a

shaking bed. Having heard about the strange messages appearing on the boy's skin, the priests looked under his shirt—and found the word "Hello" burned onto his flesh, apparently as a demonic greeting signifying that the entity knew that they were there.

Amid violent shaking, strange demonic voices, and a whole assortment of other paranormal activity, the priests began their exorcism. For the next several weeks, they offered countless prayers, sacraments, and religious rites designed to drive the demon away. Whatever was inside of Ronald, it made it clear that it did not appreciate these ceremonies. Ronald developed an aversion to anything to do with Christianity, and even the reading of a simple bible verse made the boy howl like a wounded animal.

As Ronald became more and more uncontrollable, the priests decided to move him to Alexian Brothers Hospital. Shortly thereafter, he was moved to a more secure facility in the rectory of St. Francis Xavier College Church on the grounds of St. Louis University. The exorcisms continued here for a few more weeks before Ronald was moved back to the Alexian Brothers Hospital —this time to the psychiatric wing.

The final exorcism occurred on April 18, 1949, when the priests supposedly had the demon inhabiting Ronald cornered and ready to crack. They began by placing rosaries and religious medallions around Ronald's neck and forcing a crucifix into his hand. Whatever was inhabiting Ronald did not like this too much, and it screamed and cursed the priests continually. But they continued to rebuke the evil spirit just as implacably.

Finally, just before eleven that night, a change came over Ronald's face. What had been a demonic countenance twisted in evil developed a rather angelic expression of strength and stoicism as Ronald suddenly took on the character of the Archangel Michael! It may sound odd for someone to be possessed by an angel—one of the biblical "good guys"—but Ronald would later explain that there was a quite literal war going on inside him between the forces of good and evil.

As this battle reached its climax, Ronald shouted out in the voice of his

angelic defender, “Satan! Satan! I am Michael! And I command you, Satan, and the other evil spirits, to leave the body in the name of God, immediately. Now! Now! Now!” After this unearthly voice boomed out of little Ronald’s lungs, he fell back on his bed and went still. The priests feared the worst, but to their relief, the boy woke up minutes later with a huge smile on his face claiming to have been finally delivered from the evil that had been upon him.

Not only that, Ronald said that he had had a front row seat to his own deliverance! Although he had no memory of what was happening in the hospital room, he clearly remembered a “vision of Satan and his helpers [demons] engaged in a fiery battle with the Archangel Michael.”

I leave it up to you to decide whether the battle between good and evil was won on the night of that exorcism, but whatever was going on with young Ronald at the time, he never had any problems ever again.

Sasha Fierce—Beyoncé's Inner Demon?

Beyoncé is one of the most popular entertainers of all time. She has a legion of fans known as the "Beyhive"—but could her supporters include a legion of the demonic variety as well? Before you roll your eyes and dismiss this as one of the innumerable absurd innuendos that are constantly being spun about celebrities, know this: This bizarre claim has been made not by a conspiracy theorist on some random internet forum—but by Beyoncé's own band mate in a court of law!

Her former drummer, Kimberly Thomson, filed a lawsuit in 2018 claiming that among other things, Beyoncé cursed her and employed black magic during her tenure in the singer's backup band. Thompson lays the blame for the "loss of many jobs, theft of homes, the murder of [her] pet kitten, magic spells on [her] lovers, and numerous broken relationships" squarely on Beyoncé's demonic machinations!

But isn't this most likely just a disgruntled former employee with a lot of sour grapes to (rather bizarrely) express? Well, Thompson seems to have a real fear of Beyoncé; she even requested a restraining order against her (it was denied). And even if Thompson's specific allegations aren't true, the circus that followed them has shown its spotlight on several other rumors about dark practices in the lifestyles of both Beyoncé and her equally famous husband, the rapper Jay-Z.

Jay-Z has long been reputed to be a member of the secret society of the Illuminati, an urban legend that apparently originated sometime in the late 1990s simply due to the triangle hand sign that he often makes at concerts. Although Jay-Z contends that it's just a random gesture he developed on his own, some have identified the triangle as being a secret symbol for the ancient group. And Beyoncé has since been seen flashing the same sign. She even made it between sets in her 2013 Super Bowl performance, rattling the minds of conspiracy theorists the world over with visions of Illuminati King and Queen Jay and Bey harnessing the power of the "all seeing eye" of the

Illuminati pyramid.

Of course, as many have pointed out, it could just be that the couple are fully aware of the attention that the triangle sign generates and are simply using it to increase interest in their "brand". Back when Jay-Z was in middle school and Beyoncé was still in diapers, rocker Ozzy Osborne did something very similar after being accused of biting the head off a bat at a concert. He initially claimed that the incident never happened, but he soon realized that the notion had brought him too much publicity to walk away from. He started to pretend it was true, and he even began biting the heads off of plastic bats on stage, much to the delight of his fans. Beyoncé and Jay-Z could be doing the same thing, exploiting a notoriety created by conspiracy theories that have no basis in reality.

And in fact Beyoncé's song "Formation" explicitly denies any connection to the Illuminati, calling the very idea "corny"—but one thing she's never bothered to deny is that she has a sort of "personal demon" that keeps her company on stage! She has actually spoken publicly on multiple occasions about this entity, which she calls "Sasha Fierce" and considers an alter ego that she developed to contend with the stage fright she suffered early in her career. In a 2008 interview for *Marie Claire*, for example, Beyoncé stated, "I have out of body experiences [on stage]. I don't even feel it. I'm so fearless, I'm not aware of my face or my body".

Now, most people assume that Beyoncé is speaking metaphorically and is not literally "out of her body" during performances. But when she says that Sasha completely "takes her over" when she is on stage, conspiracy theorists and evangelical Christians alike tend to raise an eyebrow or two. One of those concerned evangelicals is a pastor named Rayford L. Johnson, who claims that he has exorcised many a demon in the course of his career. Before expelling an evil spirit and returning it to hell, Rev. Johnson often asks its name—and according to him, on more than one occasion, the reply has been —"Sasha Fierce"!

Coincidence? Pastoral prevarication? Or is it all just plain good old entertainment? I'll let you and the Beyhive be the judge.

The Scary Tale of Clara Germana Cele

When she was around 16, a South African girl named Clara Germana Cele is said to have literally made a deal with the devil. Her strange demonic antics began in 1906 when she gained the astonishing ability to levitate at will. This astonished her classmates—and it frightened the wits out of her fellow parishioners when she did it during services at her local church! They tried to pull her back down to her seat but discovered that whatever force had raised her up was intent on keeping her up. They were physically unable to pull her back down. But when the priest doused her with holy water, she immediately plummeted back down to the pew—which made it pretty obvious to the congregation that they were dealing with a case of demonic possession.

This was confirmed moments later when Clara began conferring with invisible entities, telling them that she had been betrayed, that she had been promised "days of glory" but was receiving cruel treatment instead. Since the forces of darkness weren't living up to their end of whatever diabolical deal she'd made with them, Clara apparently decided that it would be best to get the whole thing off her conscience. No sooner had she finished complaining to the demons than she turned to the assembled nuns and began imploring them to bring her to one Father Horner Erasmus so that she could confess —"But quick, quick, or Satan will kill me. He has me in his power!"

And she wasn't exaggerating. Things now took an even stranger turn as Clara's neck elongated and began writhing around like a serpent in front of dozens of witnesses. She proceeded to bite a nun, leaving two small red puncture marks just like you would expect from a snakebite.

Not a moment too soon, the fearless Father Erasmus arrived on the scene and began to interview the serpent girl. Taking a page from Rev. Johnson's playbook, he addressed the demon directly and asked it to tell him its name. But it wasn't Sasha Fierce—no, it was an altogether more horrifying and powerful entity that replied:

“I am Satan. Our King Lucifer. His power is great; he has at his service countless subjects. We were rushed from heaven to hell, that our sins would not have been as huge as those of many men. His fire does not emit light and does not look in any way to your fire. Despite the darkness, we see each other. Christ has conquered us by dying on the Cross, but now many spirits roam around the world to seduce men. Christ will come again at the last judgment. So, we will be judged in the eyes of everyone. We believe in God, but we hate [him].”

The stunned priest certainly got an earful in this exchange, and this is actually a common theme: One recognized characteristic of demonic possession is that the victim speaks about complex subject matter from a completely demonic perspective. There was no reason why this fairly uneducated 16-year-old girl would know about such complex theological topics as the war in heaven and the battle of good and evil, and yet hear she was speaking of these complexities in shocking ways.

Perhaps most stunning was what Clara said when the priest asked, “Why did God expel demons from Heaven?”

Without missing a beat, Clara answered in a demonic voice, “Because God revealed to us his Son and commanded us to worship; but we refused!”

This strange statement too has an uncanny ring of biblical truth—and one that Clara most likely had no way of knowing about, because these words are found not in the canon bible but in the apocryphal Old Testament book of Judaism called the Life of Adam and Eve. In this obscure text, Satan tells Eve why he and his minions were cast out—and it was because he refused to pay obeisance to Adam! If you view Adam, the first man, as a kind of son of God, then this passage does indeed eerily echo what Clara told Father Erasmus. The Islamic Quran also shows a prideful Iblis (its version of Satan) refusing to bow to Adam and pay obeisance to him—but there is no reason to think that Clara was familiar with that holy text either.

At any rate, Father Erasmus, having satisfied himself through this diabolical dialogue that he really was dealing with a demon, determined to get rid of it

ASAP. As he began the rite of exorcism, Clara turned violent: She jumped up, knocked the bible out of his hands, and tried to choke him with his own stole (priestly garment). But the demon could not hold out against the priest's power for long. Soon it apparently departed, never to return, and Clara went on to live a normal and happy life.

The Demon Possessed History of George Lukins

The story of George Lukins is an old one, taking place in 1787 when the Bristol, England, native was 44 years old. Despite being well into his middle age, George was a bit of a drifter who had never found a solid vocation in life. He had tried his hand at a lot of things—acting, singing, and even ventriloquy—but none of them ever really panned out for him.

Like Anneliese Michel, George seemed to suffer from a form of epilepsy. As he recalled it, the affliction began in 1769 after an impromptu performance of an old mummer's play at a Christmas party when he was knocked down by a "Divine slap". His contemporary critics scoffed at his claims, saying that he simply got drunk and fell down. But whatever the cause of the incident, it was from this point forward that George began to suffer from severe seizures.

These seizures soon developed some rather peculiar tendencies. At their onset George would howl like a wolf and have heated conversations with an unseen presence. Those around him also happened to notice that any mention of a "virtuous expression" (such as "God bless you") would send George reeling as if from a blow.

George initially tried to ignore these strange episodes and soldier on, but as they became more frequent he decided that he had to seek professional help. His local parish raised money to send him to St. George's Hospital in London, and he was examined and treated there for several weeks, but the doctors could not cure him. And so, after being discharged, George sought the help of priests versed in the art of exorcism.

On the 13th of June in the year 1787, a Friday (figures it would be Friday the 13th!), six Wesleyan Ministers and seven witnesses met up with George in the vestry room of the church in order to rid him of demons. The exorcism consisted of simple commands for the demons to depart, interspersed with select hymns.

Upon hearing these songs of praise, George immediately bellowed in a demonic voice his own praise—but not of God—of Satan! He even sang a spontaneous Satanic song in which he chortled, “We praise thee, O Devil, we acknowledge thee to be the supreme governor!” During his impromptu Satanic worship service, George seemed to have several voices, both male and female, emanating from him at once. In these voices he mocked the ministers, screamed obscenities, and occasionally declared himself to be the Devil.

It must be noted that George *was* a trained manipulator of voice—an actor, a singer, and a ventriloquist, no less. If anyone had the (non-demonic) ability to make such unearthly impersonations convincing, it was George. Those around him were thoroughly spooked, however, and not just by his voice, but by his immense strength. During the exorcism, George became so physically powerful that he had to be held down by two strong men to keep him from attacking the ministers.

These ministers kept trying to get George to say the name of Jesus, to which George would either hurl abuse or state emphatically, “I am the Devil.” But their continued efforts eventually seemed to weaken the evil force contained within George, and finally a demonic voice asked almost plaintively, “Must I give up my power?” The ministers insisted that, yes, it must, and after a few more rounds of prayer, one of the demons howled, “Our master has deceived us! Where shall we go?”

This gave one of the attending ministers the cue for the best one-liner of the night: “To hell! And return no more to torment this man!”

Over the next couple of hours George became quieter and quieter until finally his countenance changed and he suddenly rejoiced in his own voice as he cried out, “Blessed Jesus!” George then recited the 23rd Psalm, emphasizing the line “though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil”.

George returned to the straight and narrow path after this and lived out what remained of his life in honesty and integrity, with no further problems or

episodes.

David Glatzel’s Possession and Arne Cheyenne Johnson’s Plea

In the early 1980s Karl and Judy Glatzel had recently acquired a rental home. The previous residents had apparently left in a hurry—in fact, it looked like they had outright fled the scene, leaving their junk strewn everywhere—so the Glatzels and their children, 11-year-old David and 26-year-old Debbie, were trying to clean the place up and restore everything to working order prior to renting it out. To speed up the process, they temporarily moved in while they worked on the house.

During the course of the renovation, David seemingly had an adverse reaction to an unseen force. Judy’s first inkling of this came when she thought she saw her son being shoved by that unseen force. However, she shrugged it off as a combination of David’s mischievous nature and her own overactive imagination.

But the strange activity continued, and one day as David was helping clean out a back room, he had a paranormal encounter too direct to be ignored. He was sorting through the rubbish in the room when an old man with burnt skin appeared out of nowhere, gave him a shove, and shouted, “Beware!” before fading away as if he was never there to begin with. David was understandably terrified, and after relating the bizarre instance to his parents, he ran right out of the house and refused to come back inside.

His parents eventually did coax him back in, and telling him that he was just imagining things, they persuaded him to try to forget about what he thought he had seen. But the strange events continued over the next few days, and they began to affect David’s personality. Soon he was seeing multiple visions and was frequently found in a trance-like condition in which he would use an unearthly voice to alternately curse the family and make frightening predictions for the future.

Growing increasingly alarmed, Debbie asked her 19-year-old boyfriend Arne

to move in with them. She told him that the Glatzels needed his help to get the house in order—but in reality, Debbie felt that she needed his protection from the demonic entity she now suspected was lurking in the home.

Almost as if the evil was rising to the challenge, David began to act out even more shortly after Arne moved in. And if anyone still thought that he was just being “mischievous”, that thought was dispelled when David exhibited a classic sign of demonic possession: He rose off the ground and levitated right into the air. Judy also saw “unseen hands” attempting to choke her son and toss him around like a rag doll.

Unable to take anymore, the Glatzels sought the help of St. Joseph’s, a local Catholic church. St. Joseph’s ended up sending four different priests to the home, kicking off a series of exorcisms. Arne was present at the final one, and apparently he got so caught up in the proceedings that at one point he interjected to instruct the stubborn demons to go into him if they had to, but to leave David alone.

Whether or not he really meant these words, he would come to regret them. His personality soon changed significantly, and Debbie noticed that he was exhibiting symptoms very similar to those that had recently plagued her brother. He would sometimes fall into a trance and make strange growling sounds, but after he snapped out of it he would have no recollection of what had happened.

Deciding that they needed to get out of the house, Debbie and Arne moved into an apartment owned by a man named Alan Bono. Alan also ran a pet kennel called the Brookfield Pet Motel, and Debbie took a job as a dog groomer there.

The couple’s new life initially seemed rather peaceful and idyllic after the disturbances at the Glatzels’ rental house, but it didn’t take long for that to change. Arne began acting more and more distant, and his trances continued. He still didn’t remember them, but he would sometimes talk about a “beast” visiting him. Debbie now believed that the demon that had haunted her brother had followed them and was now threatening Arne. She knew things

were bad, but she didn't know just how bad they would become.

On February 16, 1981, during a get-together with family and friends, Arne stabbed his landlord to death. The two had been on good terms—friends, even—and there seemed to be no reason why Arne would snap and kill Alan. But the previously good-natured Arne, over the most minuscule of disagreements, let loose with an animalistic rage, stabbing Alan repeatedly in the chest with a knife. As brutal as the crime was, it was Arne's comments shortly thereafter that would make headlines: He said that "the devil made him do it".

Arne insisted that he had blacked out before the stabbing and that something else had taken over. Even though it was his body that did the stabbing, Arne maintained that someone—or something—else was in control of it. In one of the most sensational criminal defenses in American history, Arne's attorneys pleaded that their client was not guilty by reason of demonic possession. Unfortunately, this failed to convince the jury, and Arne was convicted of manslaughter.

Manslaughter would indeed be a fitting charge if Arne had just lost his temper during an altercation with Alan and killed him by accident, but Arne continued to insist that *he* hadn't killed Alan at all—he was not the one in control of his body when the knife was plunged in Alan's chest. And perhaps the judge was inclined to believe him, because he imposed an extremely light five-year sentence for the crime.

Arne served his time as a model prisoner and was released on schedule. He then picked up his life where he'd left off, marrying Debbie and acquiring gainful employment. Did the devil really make him do it? This case is still open to debate.

Anna Ecklund and the Earling Possession

The story of Anna Ecklund is mainly told to us through the eyes of Father Carl Vogl. This priest first revealed his involvement in delivering Anna from demons in a tract that he published in 1936 with the Vatican's blessing. Entitled *Satan Be Gone!*, it describes what happened eight years ago in 1928 when Father Vogl exorcised several demons from Anna.

Anna's troubles began when she was 14 with anxiety and deep bouts of sadness. She also had "unhindered sexual thoughts" and an aversion to church and priests. And while first two might be dismissed as fairly ordinary symptoms of adolescence, the last was entirely uncharacteristic; Anna had previously been a devout member of her parish.

As she grew older, her condition worsened and she was seen by several physicians, but none of them could find anything wrong with her. As is often the case, after the medical profession failed to find answers Anna turned toward a more spiritual solution. Specifically, she had her church contact a certain Capuchin monk named Theophilus Reisinger, who specialized in exorcism.

Father Reisinger first met Anna in 1912, and he was astonished at what he found. She seemed to have an uncanny knowledge of both Greek and Latin. She had never had classes in these languages, yet when the priest performed ancient rites of the Church in Latin or Greek, Anna responded in kind. Father Reisinger duly performed an exorcism, and while it remains unclear how successful it was, Anna was able to live a normal life for the next fifteen years.

It wasn't until 1928 that she began to have episodes again, and once again she turned to her church for a priest. (Hey, it had worked before!) The priest who got the call this time was a disciple of Father Reisinger named Joseph Steiger. Father Steiger visited Anna at a convent she had been brought to in late August. She had made herself notorious there for howling like a wild

animal and going into fits of rage whenever holy water was brought near her. She would scream, “Away with it, away with that abominable dirt!” and if the water actually touched her, she would shriek, “Oh, that burns, that scorches!”

The exorcism began on August 18th, with Father Steiger leading the rites and Father Reisinger backing him up. Anna reacted violently, and at one point she allegedly began to levitate right off the bed. As the exorcism progressed over several days, Anna’s physical and mental condition deteriorated and she began refusing to eat.

But even though she wasn’t eating, she was continually throwing up. And her vomit was by no means the standard blown chunks. No, Anna’s vomit contained a vile mix of what looked like tobacco leaves! So does the devil chew tobacco? Well, no other explanation as to why Anna would regurgitate piles of tobacco leaves has ever been put forth!

The priests kept asking Anna who was inhabiting her, but they weren’t getting any straight answers. Eventually Father Reisinger asked her who the leader of the demons was, and Anna responded in a demonic voice that it was Beelzebub. Then it asked a question of its own, apparently a rhetorical one: “Ha, did not her own father curse us into her?” Anna’s father Jacob, you see, had been a troubled man, and some did indeed suspect that he and his lover—who happened to be Anna’s Aunt Mina—had summoned demons to haunt Anna when she was still a child.

The demonic voice would alternate from the Beelzebub character to the Bible’s Judas Iscariot (the apostle who betrayed Christ). Once, after identifying itself as Judas, the demon informed the priests that it was its job to “bring her [Anna] despair, so that she will commit suicide and hang herself.” It continued exultantly, “She must get the rope! She must go to hell!”

In response, Father Reisinger and Father Steiger began to perform the Catholic rite known as the Litany of All Saints. Whatever was inhabiting Anna did not like this one bit, and it made its displeasure known. As the rite

was being performed, Anna let loose with unearthly shrieks, growls and screams. But what made things even stranger was the fact that while she was doing all of this screaming and growling, her mouth was shut tight! Perhaps these demons were taking their cues from that old ventriloquist George Lukins, because it sure seemed as if they were throwing their voices.

Of course, that feat paled in comparison to what happened next as Anna began to levitate off of the bed. Witnesses later recalled that she was like a "piece of wood" and "stiff as a board", and most of them didn't stick around to witness anything else, opting instead to flee the scene in absolute terror. To their astonishment, an unseen power then attempted to levitate Anna right out of the room behind them!

Although everyone else was frightened out of their wits, Father Reisinger kept his head and took control of the situation. Determined not to let Satan's chaos reign, he ordered those around him, "Bring her down! We must not let hysteria take control here, or we are beaten before we begin!" According to the pamphlet *Satan Be Gone!*, Anna was then physically dragged back down into the bed, and the priests began struggling to finish the exorcism.

Anna was screaming bloody murder by this point, and this attracted the attention of concerned passersby who rushed into the convent to find out what the devil was going on. Undeterred, Father Reisinger simply assigned one of the other priests to explain the situation while he continued the rite. Despite all that had happened, he was still fairly confident that he could drive the demons away—but when Satan himself took over and began to address him personally, he began to have his doubts!

Still, the priest had the presence of mind to ask this personification of Lucifer exactly why he was possessing and tormenting Anna Ecklund. The only explanation he got was, "Such things are beyond your understanding. This whole thing began before time itself." The indomitable Father Reisinger simply shrugged and decided it didn't matter all that much why Satan was there; he just wanted him gone. So lifting up the cross, he commanded the demons to leave Anna alone.

Father Reisinger expected opposition, most probably violent opposition, but even he was not prepared for the satanic laughter that erupted at the sight of the cross. Howling with glee at the cross in the priest's outstretched hand, a demonic voice shouted, "Put aside that silly toy made of papier-mâché!" His cross was not in fact a flimsy instrument—it was made of hard, solid wood—yet as soon as the demon spoke, the bewildered priest looked down to find that it had been transformed into a kind of paper cutout in his hands!

The demons giggled about this for a while, but once the joke grew stale they turned their attention to Father Steiger. For him they had an ominous message: He would be dead in a matter of days. One of the entities cried out in glee, "He will learn to know us better. Lucifer is on his tracks and will make the kettle hot and heavy for him. Ha, ha, ha! Just wait until the end of the week! When Friday comes!"

Father Steiger tried to put the threat out of his mind, but he couldn't put off Friday, and when it came—all too soon—he was called out to perform the last rites at a parishioner's deathbed. On his way back from this engagement, he was driving across a bridge when a "dark black cloud" suddenly engulfed his vehicle. Blinded, he slammed into a guardrail and very nearly plummeted right off the bridge and into the river far below. His vehicle was totaled, but miraculously Father Steiger survived with only minor injuries.

Although severely shaken, he was feeling well enough later that day to return to the convent to check on Anna—and maybe brag to the demons about his survival. But if they were disappointed that he wasn't dead after all, they didn't show it. As soon as Anna laid eyes on him, a demonic voice chortled, "Today he pulled in his proud neck and was outpointed! I certainly showed him up today. What about your new auto, that dandy car which was smashed to smithereens? It served you right!"

Well, maybe, although it's probably safe to assume that most of us would happily sacrifice our ride to save our soul from the fires of hell. The more interesting point is that Anna and the priests who had remained with her had no way of knowing about Father Steiger's crash—this was long before cell phones, mind you—so Anna's gloating greeting indisputably demonstrated a

superhuman level of knowledge.

Now desperate to finish the exorcism before the demons finished Father Steiger, Father Reisinger ramped up his efforts to free Anna from possession. And as he persisted, the will of the demonic presence within her finally began to break. Eventually the demons agreed to leave the girl on the condition that they be allowed to “go into” something else.

This, of course, directly parallels the New Testament story of demons asking Jesus to let them move from a possessed man into a heard of pigs. Jesus granted the request, and the demon pigs then ran off a cliff to their deaths. It’s been speculated that this left the evil spirits free to continue walking the earth, whereas otherwise they would have been banished directly to hell.

Well, it seems that Father Reisinger wasn’t quite as accommodating as Jesus—because the good priest just continued on with the exorcism until he was able to cast those dastardly demons out of Anna and put them on an express train straight to hell with one-way tickets and no stops en route!

David Berkowitz and the Son of Sam

In one of the strangest murder cases in American history, David Berkowitz, otherwise known as the Son of Sam, went on a killing spree in New York during the 1970s.

Berkowitz had a troubled upbringing—he was adopted by a family in which he never really fit in, and he always felt out of place, especially after his adoptive mother passed away from breast cancer. Berkowitz left at age 18 to strike out on his own. He briefly joined the Army before returning to New York and getting his own apartment and a job as a security guard. He had no friends and virtually no social interaction. After his all-night shifts standing guard at empty lots he would come home in the early morning hours to his barren apartment, lit by a bare light bulb, with the windows shuttered by dingy old blankets he had nailed to the walls.

Here, in this strange, isolated world, he began to have increasingly paranoid thoughts. He had always thought the world was out to get him, but now those feelings became magnified a thousandfold. It wasn't just that people weren't giving him a fair shake in life; he believed he saw the threads of a complex plot being actively woven against him. He knew the people on the street were unfriendly to him, but more than that he now had an idea why: Demons were orchestrating all of his interactions from behind the scenes. And when he came to think of it, he realized that the demons had been interfering with his life from the beginning. Why would his adoptive mother have died if the demons hadn't "done something to her food" and made her sick?

Of course, just because Berkowitz believed in demons doesn't mean there actually were any; these could just as well be the ravings of a deeply delusional, disturbed, and paranoid man as the insights of a demoniac. However, the strong convictions and ideation that Berkowitz had surrounding demons and demonology cannot be overlooked. He had been born and raised as an observant Jew and had a Bar Mitzvah when he was 13, but at 21 he converted to Christianity—and after this conversion he became obsessed with

the Christian concept of demonic possession that plays such a big role in the New Testament. So when the voices in his head began to speak to him, he immediately assumed that they were demons.

It was this demonic chatter that led David Berkowitz to his first assault on Christmas Eve of 1975. He would later recall that the demons demanded that he spill the blood of a young woman. In an effort to oblige them, he began stalking New York's streets after sundown. Dark as it was, there were still plenty of people doing last-minute Christmas shopping, so Berkowitz had a lot of targets to choose from. But his demons turned out to be unexpectedly picky about which lamb they wanted Berkowitz to sacrifice.

He let his first potential victim go because the demons told him she was no good. Then he started following a middle-aged woman and was already clutching the knife under his coat, ready to stab her, when a demon voice screamed, "Too old!" Finally, he turned his attention to a younger woman, and as soon as he laid eyes on her, his demonic director shouted its approval and urged him to "get her".

She was walking by herself. Berkowitz followed, and as soon as she was out of sight of potential witnesses, he leapt upon her and began plunging his knife into her back. Fortunately for her, she was wearing a heavy overcoat, and it just might have saved her life. Berkowitz could not seem to get a direct hit through the thick material and was only able to inflict minor cuts. The young lady soon managed to get away from Berkowitz's demonic grasp and began screaming for help, forcing him to make a hasty retreat.

Shortly afterward, Berkowitz moved out of his squalid apartment and into a boarding house run by an older woman named Nana Cassara and her husband Jack. The couple came to know Berkowitz as a polite young man who always paid his rent on time. But polite as he was, Berkowitz soon began to hate his surroundings and those around him. Most especially, he hated the dogs. Several of his neighbors had dogs, and he would hear them barking throughout the night. He began to interpret the barking as demonic laughter mocking him and egging him on.

He didn’t stay at the Cassara house for long before he moved to a new apartment. But shortly after that, a man named Sam Carr moved in next door with his black Labrador Retriever, and Berkowitz’s strange fixation on the howls and barks of dogs reemerged. It wasn’t long before Berkowitz came to believe that his neighbor’s dog was possessed and was speaking directly to him. He called this perceived entity the Son of Sam and later claimed to have taken his marching orders from it. He even left a couple of taunting letters for police signed in the name of this dog demon, which is what led investigators to begin referring to Berkowitz himself as the Son of Sam.

Berkowitz considered that an insult, and he would always maintain the distinction that the Son of Sam was a separate demonic entity—although he found that surprisingly few people were sympathetic to the semantic quibbles of a man who eventually left six dead and seven severely injured. For shortly after receiving the go signal from Sam Carr’s Lab, Berkowitz began gunning down the good citizens of New York. Most of them were just sitting peacefully in their cars talking to each other when Berkowitz got the drop on them and ended their lives in a hail of bullets.

He was eventually caught and given several life sentences, and he remains in prison to this very day. He has since, supposedly, turned over a new leaf in prison and developed the productive social skills that he could not conceive of in freedom, becoming a model inmate and even a kind of mentor for others. If his crimes were not so heinous, Berkowitz would actually be eligible for parole.

Still, the question remains—during his reign of terror in the 1970s, was Berkowitz being manipulated by demons? Or was he just a severely troubled young man who fell through the cracks of society? It’s hard to say. But if you see a black Labrador staring at you funny as you walk down the street, you might want to think twice before you make eye contact!

Kelly Cahill's Demonic UFO Encounters

What could UFOs possibly have to do with demons? Well, there actually does seem to be some interplay between these two paranormal phenomena. And perhaps no case shows this better than Kelly Cahill's UFO encounter. While her interactions with a UFO and its occupants do feature some standard aspects of the modern UFO phenomenon, there are also places where they veer off the typical alien abduction narrative and sound much more akin to demonic activity.

The first thing to point out is that Kelly had no preexisting interest in aliens or UFOs—and even less in demons, witchcraft, and the occult. She considered such things anathema because she was a born-again Pentecostal Christian who firmly believed that God alone was in control of her life. Little did she know that her faith was about to be severely tested by a series of otherworldly encounters.

Kelly's ordeal began on the evening of August 8, 1993, when she and her husband Andrew were driving down a lonely stretch of Australian road on their way to the birthday party of a friend's little daughter. They were halfway there when Kelly happened to look out the passenger side window at a barren field—and was surprised to see "a ring of orange lights" lighting it up. She intuitively knew that what she was seeing was not normal; in fact she sensed that there was somehow something quite extraordinary about it.

Andrew, meanwhile, had his eyes on the road and passed the oddity right by without noticing it. And as the strange lights receded into the distance, Kelly initially decided not to mention them, figuring that Andrew would just make fun of her. It turned out that she was absolutely right about that, because when she changed her mind a little further down the road and told him what she'd seen, he proceeded to harangue her about it for the rest of the trip: "Don't be stupid! It was probably a helicopter!"

After they arrived at the party and Andrew informed the other guests that

Kelly thought she'd seen a UFO on the way over, her own friends weren't too charitable either. There were more than a few laughs at her expense, and the host's father even made the snarky remark, "You think you've seen little green men or something, Kelly?" And so, like so many other witnesses to the paranormal, Kelly Cahill was shamed into silence for daring to entertain the notion that she had seen something unusual. She let the matter drop.

But it seems that the phenomenon wasn't ready to let go of her so quickly. As she and Andrew drove home from the party through the darkness sometime after midnight, down the same desolate road they had taken to get there, they came upon a roadblock. But this roadblock was not manned by human personnel. Andrew slowed the car to a halt as they stared in disbelief at a round object with large illuminated observation windows along the front and flashing lights at the bottom hovering just above the asphalt.

Andrew immediately abandoned his skepticism, exclaiming, "[Kelly] you're right! That's something, that's very—very strange!"

Kelly agreed, and as she squinted her eyes at the craft's windows she thought she saw movement and gasped, "I swear there's people in there!"

Almost as if the entities could sense her observation, as soon as the words came out of her mouth, the object zoomed off into the sky to the Cahills' left at lightning speed and disappeared from sight.

Stunned and bewildered, the couple resumed driving back home—but the light show wasn't over just yet. Just a few minutes later, the object returned —and this time it seemed to be bearing down right on top of them. Afraid that they were now the quarry of some strange hunter, a panicked Kelly asked Andrew, "What are you going to do?"

Andrew, equally unnerved and barely hiding his own sense of dread, could only muster a solemn, "I'm going to keep driving."

Kelly's memory of what transpired next was apparently blocked, because in a classic case of what the UFO community calls "missing time", her next

memory is of her and Andrew sitting in their car on the side of the road several hours later. She turned to Andrew and asked in desperation, “What happened?”

Andrew, however, just shrugged and provided the simplest answer that came to mind. “I don’t know—we must have gone around a corner or something.”

This too is a hallmark of ET encounters: One person who experiences the same missing time situation seems to have a preprogrammed explanation for what happened, even if it’s completely absurd. This may explain why Andrew was so ready to gloss over all of the high strangeness of the evening and assert that they’d just gone around a corner too fast.

He was quite willing to leave it at that, but Kelly knew that the experience would stick with her. She also knew that something wasn’t right. Even though she had no memory of anything other than the bright light before her blackout, her heart was pounding out of her chest. She suspected that something terrible must have happened to them.

And before they arrived home, she saw another small confirmation of this, in the form of a strange, “tall black figure on the side of the road”. She only saw it for a few seconds before it disappeared into the surrounding darkness of night. She tried to tell herself that it might have been an ordinary person out for a predawn walk, but for some reason she sensed a terrible evil from this figure. It reminded her of spooky stories she had been told as a child of the “headless horseman on the side of the road”. This entity had a head and no horse, but it still seemed as spooky all get-out.

This spook was nothing, however, when compared to the memories that would suddenly come screaming to the surface. At first, Kelly’s flashbacks gave her only the barest of glimpses of the missing time on the way home that night. She recalled that true to Andrew’s words, they had indeed gone around a curve—but that certainly isn’t all that happened!

After they turned that corner, they found that the hovering object had landed. It was a craft of enormous proportions, and it was parked right in the middle

of the field adjacent to them. Against his better judgment, Andrew parked the car, and they both got out to investigate.

As they did, Kelly noticed that another car had also pulled to the side of the road and another carload of people were taking a look at the object for themselves. But the fact that there were other witnesses present is just one way in which this event stands out from most paranormal encounters—demon, alien, or otherwise.

As Kelly and Andrew watched the illuminated object in the field, she suddenly noticed a seven-foot-tall black figure standing in the distance. Kelly immediately knew that this figure was not human; although it was humanoid, it's shape was all wrong. She was frightened at the thought, but she inexplicably felt the urge to communicate with the being. Trying to summon its attention, she focused her thoughts on the entity, and it turned toward her. Even from across the dark field, she could see its eyes—because they were glowing red like fire.

The entity began to walk toward Kelly and Andrew, filling Kelly with terror, and in some strange instinctive reaction she suddenly turned to Andrew and screamed, "They've got no souls!" Kelly readily admits that it sounds ridiculous, but her own spirit seemed to cry out within her to warn her that these entities were cold and soulless. It was as if an alarm bell was ringing out loud and clear in the deep recesses of her mind.

And just like in a horror movie, as soon as Kelly had this realization, they were beset upon by dozens of these soulless entities, which began converging upon their location and rushing towards them with inhuman speed. Eerily levitating and gliding, the entities were on the other side of the field one second and practically close enough to touch the next.

Just before they reached Kelly and Andrew, some of them peeled off to the right towards the other eyewitness. When Kelly saw this she screamed to the other hapless humans, "They're evil! They're going to kill us!"

The next thing she knew she was knocked to the ground as if hit by a terrific

force. She felt as if she were about to black out, and it was only by sheer force of will that she managed to stay conscious.

She dimly heard Andrew beside her attempting to fight off one of the beings, crying out, “Let go of me!” Although normally a brave man, Andrew sounded absolutely terrified. Whatever had a hold of him had apparently scared the daylights right out of him.

Still struggling to stay awake, Kelly heard an inhuman voice tell Andrew, “We don’t mean you any harm.”

Andrew responded in a whimpering paroxysm of fear, “Why did you hit Kelly, then?”

The entity shot back, “I wouldn’t harm her. She’s my daughter”.

Cryptic as this might seem, Kelly knew exactly what it meant. The being had somehow sensed the prayers that she had been silently uttering, invoking the name of God the Father, and by saying that she was its daughter, it was attempting to mock her.

This exchange is the last Kelly remembers of Andrew during the encounter. Where he was taken and for what purpose she couldn’t fathom, but by this point she had her own problems to worry about. Feeling violently nauseous, she put her head between her knees and momentarily lost consciousness. When she came to, she could hear the same voice that had spoken to Andrew saying something about its cohorts being “a peaceful people”.

But Kelly’s intuition still told her that true evil was afoot, and she screamed to the others, “Don’t believe them! They’re going to steal your souls!” Kelly no longer had any thought that these beings were extraterrestrials from another planet; she was now firmly convinced that they were demons, and she couldn’t help but try to warn her fellow humans.

The next thing she knew she heard one of the entities asking its compatriots, “Would somebody do something about her?”

She regained full consciousness just in time to find one of them putting a hand on her shoulder. A wave of disgust washed over her at the demon's very touch, and she told herself that "this being had no right to touch me, that I was in God's care, and that whatever these things were—devils, aliens, or whatever—they had no rights as far as I was concerned." Thus fortified, she screamed a challenge in righteous indignation: "How dare you! How dare you put terror in the hearts of these innocent people? Get out of here! You hear me? In the name of God—get out of here and go back to where you came from!"

There are countless Christian books and websites out there claiming that you can end alien encounters by calling on the name of Jesus. Those who believe that aliens are demons naturally believe that prayer is the most effective way of banishing them. But the effect these commands had on the nebulous entities that Kelly confronted is not so cut and dry.

The details get a bit sketchy now, but Kelly recalls seeing Andrew being led away by one of the entities. Incredibly, this brave woman leapt up at this infernal creature and tackled it to the ground—but then she blacked out once again.

When she came to, these shadowy entities were apparently attempting to set up some sort of shadow play in order to deceive her. She awoke to see one of the creatures posing prostrate on the ground just before it morphed into human form. Then her attention was called to a middle-aged woman in the distance pointing at her and shouting, "Murderess, murderess!"

Whether these critters were aliens or demons, they apparently weren't fond of colloquial English—because who today actually says "murderess"? But at any rate, they were apparently using this theatrical distraction to gain Kelly's compliance. The next thing she knew she was inside a small room where an entity told her that "she did not kill anyone" but they had to "use her own sense of morality to overcome her fear".

Oddly, the being then presented Kelly with her own bible, which had

mysteriously vanished from her home just prior to the encounter. This demonic alien then offered Kelly what seemed to be a Faustian bargain: She could come with him, but she would have to leave her bible behind.

This raised plenty more alarm bells for Kelly. Number one, why would she want to go with these beings in the first place? Just moments before, she had been screaming that they were soulless and could “go back where they came from”. Secondly, this seemed like a classic demonic tactic. All throughout the scriptures, as well as in later accounts, a demon’s number-one MO is always to get its victim to deny God, Christ, or Christianity in general. Why would a space alien, after all, care whether or not a human had an old religious book?

In the end, Kelly refused to give up her bible, and the next thing she knew, she was in the car with Andrew at the side of the road. Some days later, Andrew found the missing bible in that very car.

As strange as this tale sounds, it stands as one of the most well corroborated UFO encounters on record due to the fact that there were multiple witnesses who all verified at least part of the encounter. Diabolical demons? Bible-hating aliens? A bizarre consortium of both? The mystery remains.

You Better Break Out Your Fine Spiritual China

At the most basic level, our lives are merely a combination of inputs from our senses. We hear, see, smell, touch and taste our way through existence. As we interact with the environment, these physical windows of perception become our very reality. But can our senses be mistaken? Are those who claim to have witnessed demoniacs levitating in the air simply not processing sensory information correctly?

For those who don't believe a word of these strange tales, outside of outright fabrication, this is the only logical explanation. But somewhere in the shadows of the subconscious human mind lurks the clear underpinnings of mystery. For anyone who has ever gotten goose bumps from a strange sound heard in the middle of the night, or a flittering shadow just barely glimpsed in the corner of the eye, knows that there is another kind of knee-jerk reaction to such stimulus that strikes a chord within our soul.

We are indeed born into the world with five physical senses. But there is a sixth sense, hidden away like a prized possession—like our fine spiritual china, if you will—that only comes out when it is absolutely necessary. And if the shadows of our dreams were ever to step into our waking reality, we most likely would need all the resources at our disposal to deal with them!

Further Reading and Reference

Now that you have read this book, we would like to provide you with some additional reading and reference materials. All of the books and other resources presented below were crucial in making this book possible, so if you are interested in knowing more about anything you've read, please feel free to look into them.

***Son of Sam*. Lawrence D. Klausner**
It was one of the most infamous cases of homicide in American history: One lone, demented, and allegedly demoniac man named David Berkowitz went on a killing rampage in NYC in the 1970s. Lawrence D. Klausner manages to capture all of the elements of this sinister drama in his book named after the demon that supposedly tormented Berkowitz—the "Son of Sam".

***Spirit Possession around the World: Possession, Communion, and Demon Expulsion across Cultures*. Joseph P. Laycock**
Mr. Laycock provides us with a great anthology on demon/spirit possession around the globe. The information provided here was quite helpful for some of the more obscure stories of demonic possession, such as that of Clara Germana Cele.

***Be Gone Satan! A True Account of an Exorcism in Earling, Iowa in 1928*. Father Carl Vogl**
This pamphlet is a rather startling first-hand account of real exorcism. Father Carl Vogl initially composed this written testimony of the event as a religious tract to hand out at seminars.

***Ghosts and Demons: The Lost Things*. Kyl T. Cobb, Jr.**
This is another good anthology, providing facts on a lot of the stories presented here. Although the accounts in this anthology tend to be bare-bones summaries, it is a good resource to cross-reference and verify the facts.

***Demonic Possession: Extraordinary True Life Experiences*. C. Torrington**

This compendium was a great resource for this book, providing a lot of extra details to supplement some of the main accounts. If you would like to know a little more about the subject matter presented here, this resource is very beneficial.

***Confrontation with Evil: An In-Depth Review of the 1949 Possession that Inspired* The Exorcist. Steven A. LaChance**

This book details the story of the boy variously known as Ronald Hunkeler, Robbie, and Roland Doe. The story of his childhood possession inspired the book—and later the film—called *The Exorcist*. Many people don't realize that this famously frightening movie was based on something that actually happened. But yes, minus the fact that Ronald's role was played by a girl, the film is indeed based on true events.

The confusion about the real boy's name stems from the fact that the Church, police and media all agreed to keep his identity a secret for several decades. But rest assured, there was a real person named Ronald Hunkeler, and Mr. LaChance's book addresses him as such. Overall, it does a great job of narrating the facts of the case as they really happened. If you are interested in this thought-provoking case, this is certainly a valuable resource.

***Ouija Board Nightmares: The Complete Collection*. John Harker**

This little-known book provides a great wealth of material on possession and contact with demonic entities. The information provided about the nefarious character known as Zozo was of particular help, but it contains several accounts of those who have had the misfortune of being introduced to this diabolical demonic agent.

www.dailymail.co.uk

I know that some may roll their eyes at any use of the *Daily Mail*, as it has a well-deserved reputation for being filled with sensationalized, tabloid-style stories. But when investigating the paranormal, at times you have to be willing to dive into the gutter and sort through the muck in order to find a couple of left-over kernels of truth.

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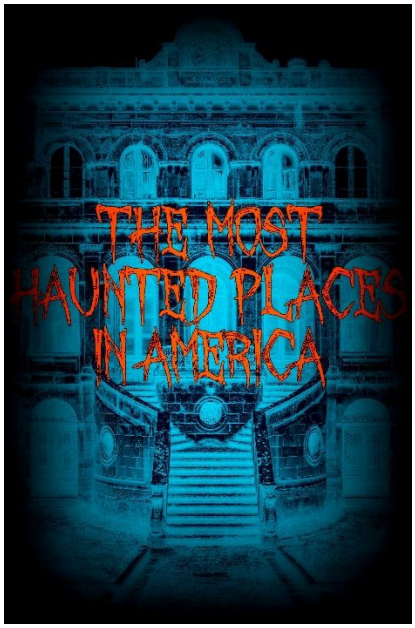
Thank you again for buying and reading my book. Don’t forget to get **your FREE gift**, The Most Haunted Places in America. **Click here to get it.**



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Review

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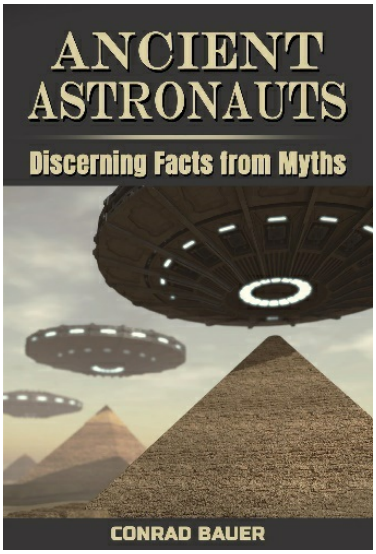

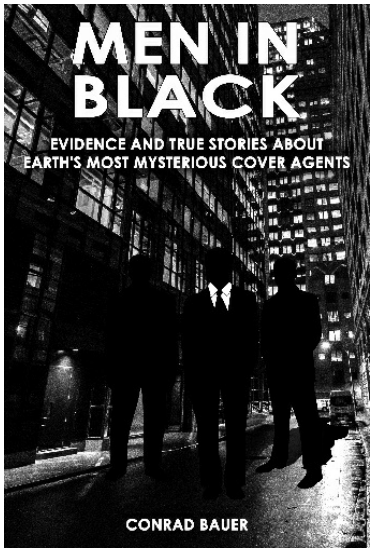

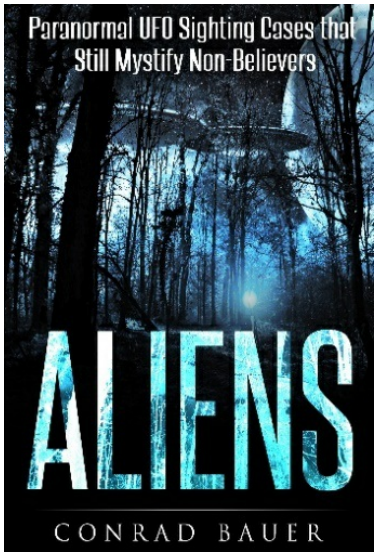

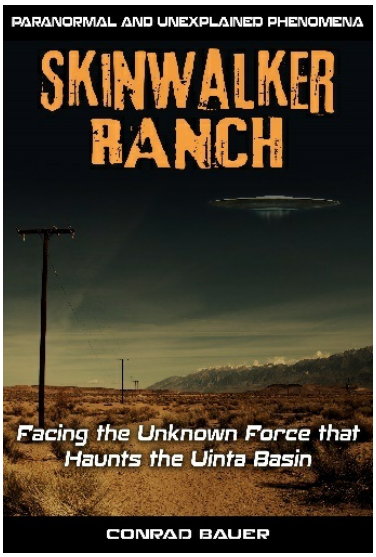
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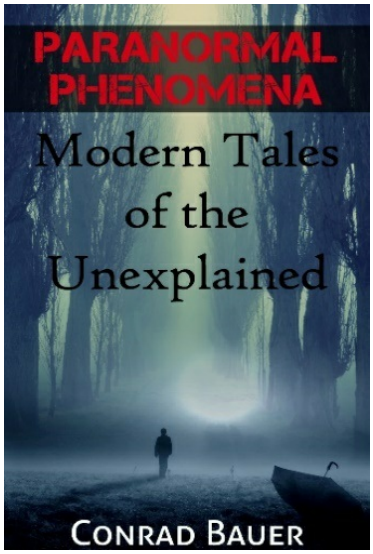
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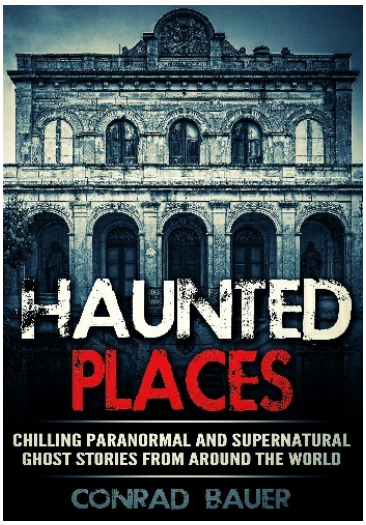
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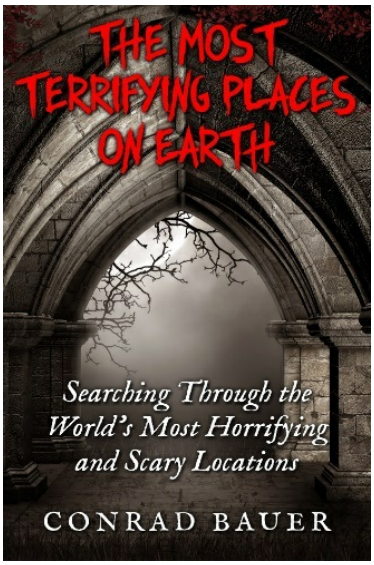
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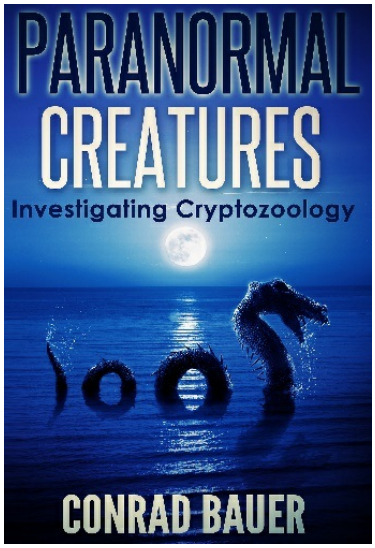
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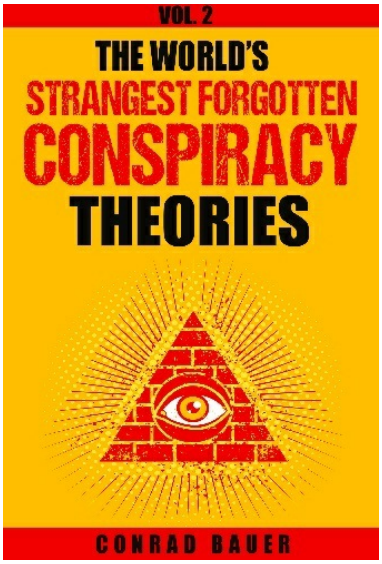
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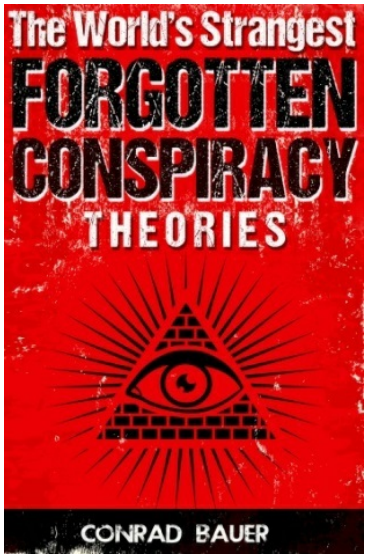
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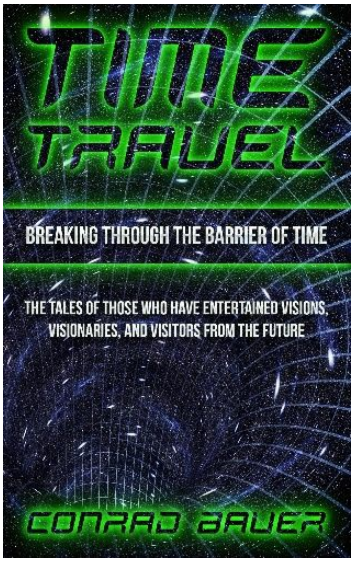
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BREAKING THROUGH THE BARRIER OF TIME
THE TALES OF THOSE WHO HAVE ENTERTAINED VISIONS, VISIONARIES, AND VISITORS FROM THE FUTURE
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Excerpt from Conrad Bauer's Book Demons and Fallen Angels

All over the world and throughout the ages, there are tales of mysterious and often malevolent entities who live solely in the shadows of our perception. They have been referred to as demons, fallen angels, devils, evil spirits and by other names. But what are we to make of these storied accounts of mystical mischief-makers that have incessantly plagued humanity? Is it all just a figment of our collective troubled minds? Or is there something more to it?

This book takes a look at the history of these dark entities and why they have come to play such a prominent role in religion and culture all over the globe. There have been many theories on the subject of these troublesome celestial vagabonds, but there is still no agreement on just who or what demons really are.

The concept of the demonic leader Lucifer alone has seen many revisions across time and faith. In Judaism, Satan seems to have begun his existence as some sort of divine prosecutor. The devil is certainly in the details in the Book of Job—the oldest book in the Torah, wherein Satan takes a lead role in tormenting the good and noble Job, apparently just to prove a point to God. By the time of Christianity, Lucifer was better defined as the ultimate rebel and agent of evil. After the rise of Islam, however, Muslims were not so sure; although Lucifer was alternately called a Shaitan and one of the Jinn, the concept of him being the ultimate adversary was a little murkier.

Some lesser-known Middle Eastern religions are even more ambivalent. For example, the Yazidis of Northern Iraq—a religious minority which recently gained attention due to persecution at the hands of ISIS—view Lucifer as a divine protector. In their cosmology, although he did rebel at one time, he repented and has been redeemed (his tears put out the fires of hell!) and is now charged to watch over the Earth. This has earned the Yazidis the ironic yet somewhat accurate appellation of "devil worshipers" from their neighbors.

Confused? It is indeed a complicated web that the celestials weave. But just stay tuned, because here in this epic narrative, we bring it all together in order to find out just how far these supposed angels, demons, demagogues and demigods have fallen.

In the Beginning—Where Did Demons Come From?

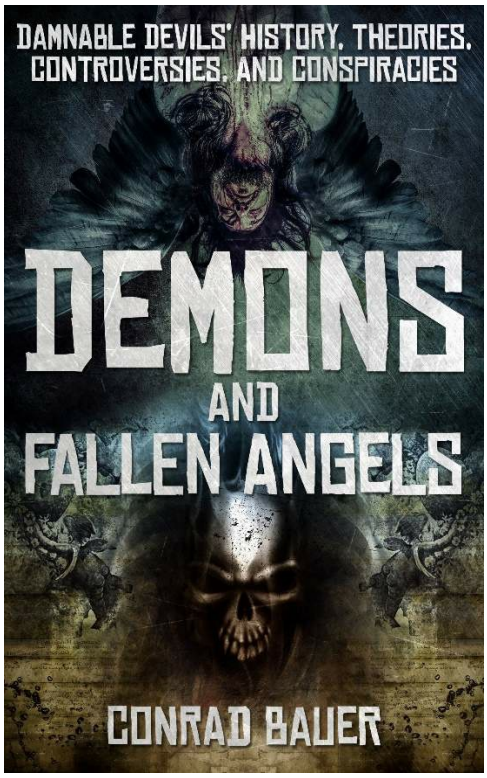
The first historical record of a demonic entity comes to us from an ancient Sumerian text found in the land of Mesopotamia, which encompassed the modern-day nations of Iraq and Kuwait. Nestled in the Fertile Crescent—the cradle of civilization—Mesopotamia has bequeathed the first known example of human writing—and coincidentally enough (or not, depending on how you see it), Mesopotamia also recorded the first written tales of demonic activity.

It's important to note that there are many parallels between the biblical Book of Genesis and the ancient legends of the Sumerians. Biblical staples such as the story of the Flood, the Tower of Babel, and even the Garden of Eden have very similar (if not identical) counterparts in Sumerian text. We will delve into this a little bit deeper in future chapters of this book, but for now let's focus on the Sumerian examples of what the Bible might term demonic entities.

The Sumerians were quite familiar with demons. In fact, they apparently believed that demons were just a part of everyday life and often linked them to common natural phenomena, especially the wind, which they likened to the buzzing of demonic activity.

The leader of the Mesopotamian demons was an entity called Pazuzu. Along with being the top-dog demon of Mesopotamia, Pazuzu was also in control of the winds of the underworld, which wreaked horrible famine and pestilence when released. The way Pazuzu is described as the "Lord of the Winds" is very similar to the way the Bible refers to Lucifer as the "Prince of the Power of the Air". His physical description, meanwhile, is rather bizarre: He is described as having the horns of a goat with the feet and wings of an owl.

Certain Mesopotamian demons which belonged to a subgroup called the Gallu spent their time fluttering in the skies over Earth like wardens. This too sounds similar to the concept in the Hebrew Bible of the Watchers who stood

watch over humanity from high places. In Mesopotamia, however, these demons were blamed for practically any tragedy that might befall mortal man.

But strangely, demons were also believed to do good deeds from time to time. Pazuzu in particular—as feared as he was—was often called upon for protection. Women in childbirth, for example, used to wear amulets with Pazuzu's image in order to beseech the demon's guardianship. Of course, when you are calling on the king of demons to keep you safe from other demons, it sounds a lot more like a protection racket than a prayer. Just like a shopkeeper paying protection money to a mafia boss so the Mafioso's own thugs won't break his legs, many Sumerians would pay homage to Pazuzu just so he would keep his own demons at bay.